

View

"through the eyes of poets

WHAT

DO YOU SEE IN THE STARS
IS THE DISAPPEARING POINT OF
THE UNCONSCIOUS
VALUE DOES DEATH GIVE TO LIFE

?

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THE POLITICS OF SPIRIT

[For Marjorie]

By LIONEL ABEL

The Mystery of Morale

Some months before Italy entered the war, Mussolini boasted that nine millions of Italians would die for their state. This boast was also a threat, and calculated to frighten the appeaser Chamberlain. Mussolini spoke with brutal confidence; he regarded his nine million Italians as already dead. What if the leader of British democracy could conceive only eight millions of his people dead? or seven millions? or six millions? Chamberlain, staring into the political night, may have had to endure the horror of seeing only five million ghosts! Such are the tribulations of statesmen. However, the ultimate horror was reserved for Il Duce himself. On the battlefields of Libya the Italian soldiers hastened to become captives, not corpses. And Italy's life as a state is no longer its own.

Evidently the Italians were lacking in morale. But what is morale? Is it enthusiasm? the enthusiasm of its future corpses for the state? But when we look at the state we do not discover attractions so powerful as to make the millions who have to be massacred enthusiastically mindful of it. The state is the guardian of inequality, it protects from the claims and the threats of the Many the glory appropriated by the Few. If it were only members of the Few who had to do the dying, morale might well be enthusiasm. However, it is from the Many that mass armies must be recruited.

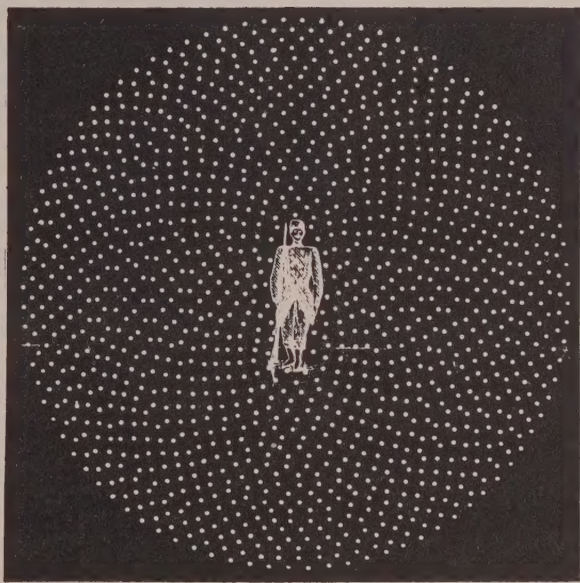
Is morale agreement with the state's program, with what are called the state's aims? But during the course of a war the state changes its aims. Its allies become enemies, its enemies allies. The Socialist proponents of aims more attractive to the masses are only wasting their time and the state's!

The Italians are deficient in morale, the Germans have it in abundance. With four million dead, Germany is more menacing than ever. If it can accomplish the death of some six million more Germans it may acquire the whole world to bury them in. . . It is Hitler, of course, who has induced the Germans to die. Everyone serious about politics must study his methods. Now, according to George Orwell, his method is essentially poetical. If Hitler finds death so manipulable, it is because he has a metaphysical feeling for its desirableness and has communicated this sentiment to the German nation. Orwell's view has the merit of accounting not only for the morale of the Germans, but also for the morale of the Japanese. For it is the military poets who direct the policies of Japan. But what about Italy? Mussolini's poetry is surely not inferior to Hitler's or Tojo's. Mussolini would find infinitely desirable the death of Italians other than himself. Yet while the Germans and the Japanese die the Italians surrender.

A ranking officer of the American army who is more serious about the reasons why masses of men die, finds the attractiveness of civilian life in this country responsible for the low morale of our troops. Here is a man who understands Hitler! The method Hitler employed to get the Germans to die was not a method of stimulation but one of

depression. Hitler exacted obedience and systematized boredom. He destroyed all of those institutions in which the liveliness of the people found expression. He eliminated art and controversy. He created morale by killing spirit.

that the most dispirited peoples of Europe and Asia produce the most reliable state soldiery. Human spirit was not extinct in the France of Daladier. It had won an inconclusive victory in the Popular Front. State morale won an incon-



HOW MANY SHOTS IT TOOK TO KILL A SOLDIER
IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

The Program of Spirit

Human spirit is variable, free, curious and critical. A persistent eroticist, before the unattractiveness of things it becomes melancholy and splenitive. It is capable of enthusiasm, that is to say, it is unreliable. Human spirit has always meant lovers and suicides. Today it also means revolutionaries. For if it long ago envisaged the destruction of the state, in the nineteenth century its inventive fancy hit upon a practical method of accomplishment: the proletarian revolt. Anarchic disobedience to which spirit naturally tends has the disadvantage of leaving the state intact. A state form is necessary to destroy the state. Human spirit has solved this difficulty by inventing a state form that will wither away. And those who are everywhere obeyed in office now have this to consider: objectionable as spirit has always been to constituted authority, it is now a positive menace, for it has a political weapon with which to implement its spleen. And history is on the side of its irritability.

The Military Value of Apathy

The contradiction between human spirit and state morale is expressed in the fact

clusive victory when, in 1938, Daladier broke the general strike. But in the spring of 1940, Frenchmen, who still retained some measure of enthusiasm for their country, fled before the docile, utterly depressed soldiers of Germany in whom human spirit had been totally annihilated.

The Italians, because of the inefficiency of their state, are considerably less apathetic than the Germans. It requires perfect organization to destroy enthusiasm! A state must have competence in machine production to turn out competent mechanical men. Italy is both industrially and organizationally backward. And its armies in Libya were confronted by British colonials, among them Indians and South Africans, who in the nature of the case must have had even less enthusiasm for their masters in London than the Italians could have had for the dictatorship in Rome.

The military deficiencies of the British Empire are to be explained by the fact that Britain's industries and apathy are badly allocated. Where within the Empire there is industry there are also democratic institutions. Where in the Empire there is apathy there are unindustrialized areas. This contradiction

has so far prevented Britain from making any serious effort to win the war. There are only two ways of resolving the contradiction: Britain must either import apathy or export spirit. Either industrial centers and free governments must be established in the colonies or the free institutions of England must be destroyed.

Japan is, of course, the Germany of Asia. For years we have heard from our foreign correspondents of the concentrated boredom of this state-tormented people. These stories are by no means falsifications. The apathy of the people is the energy of the state. It was in the long years of the Japanese people's ennui with war that was generated the military fury which made a shambles of Pearl Harbor.

The Military Potential of Spirit

In China the struggle between human spirit and state morale is violently simplified. Human spirit actually has an army in China, the Red Army of the former Chinese Soviets. State morale, of course, energizes the military forces of the Kuomintang bureaucracy. These two armies have been fighting each other for more than ten years. For the present they cooperate against Japan. Now it must be admitted that the soldiers of the Red Army are excellent fighters, but from the point of view of the Kuomintang they are hardly reliable. For the ultimate historical aim of the Chinese Red Army is the destruction of the Chinese along with the Japanese state.

People like Joseph Davies hasten to credit the surprising military successes of the Russians to the bureaucratic measures of the Soviet state. The fact that the Stalin bureaucracy administered a terrific defeat to the spirit of the Soviet people in the trials and purges of the last five years is given as the reason for Russian victories today. This argument can hardly be met by speculations as to what the Russians would have been capable of under other conditions. But it is sufficient to point out that while Stalin destroyed the general staff of the October Revolution, he did not destroy the institutions created by that revolution, most particularly the nationalized mode of production and the tradition of struggle for a Socialist future. Human spirit is still vital in Russia because the continuance of these institutions must eventually provoke the collapse of the Stalin bureaucracy. A decisive victory for the Red Army means an end to the isolation of the October Revolution. But it is on the isolation of the Revolution that the bureaucracy rests. So it becomes clear that the Soviet soldiers are dying, not for the life, but for the death of their state, a fact which gives concrete meaning to the formula of Trotsky which so many people considered empty of content: the Soviet Union, although degenerated, is still a workers' state.

The Red Army of the Soviet Union has this paradoxical character: it is efficient and unreliable, like human spirit itself.

The Struggle in America

Americans have always considered their world position to be uniquely favorable. They believe that the problems

(Continued on page 4)

PICASSO IN THE LIGHT OF CHIRICO

Mutations of the Bull-Fight

By ROBERT MELVILLE

In the foreground of one of Picasso's two 1901 oils of the bull-ring, there is a close-up of a white horse lying on its back, with its head raised in agony, and blood pouring from its belly: it operates as a crude moral comment on the spectacle. Picasso is not an aficionado until he turns the bull-fight into a love-bout.

The white bull-ring horse makes its re-appearance in a well known 1923 painting. Neither bull nor bull-fighter is present; the horse has backed away to the barrier, and is screaming with fear, under the eyes of a small group of spectators which is dominated by three completely unmoved women. At one time, I thought that the composure of these women precisely conformed with a contention of de Sade's, that women have more cruelty than men because they are more sensitively organized, but I now feel this to be only one aspect of Picasso's testimony. The figures surrounding the three women are dark, but the women are in white dresses and mantillas, and, as an area of white pigment, are in obvious correspondence with the white mass of the horse. On account of this formal relationship and because the spectators are in any case rather peculiarly grouped together and on all sides are surrounded by empty seats, so that an air of desertion is an undercurrent of the picture's activity, I tend to remember it as a representation of a horse and a woman, alone in the bull-ring. But this trick of the memory for which I find excuses in the painting itself may all the same be rather more attributable to a desire on my part to evoke a situation not far removed from those in early Chiricos, in which a solitary figure and the shadow of another will charge a public square with eerie eroticism. What is certainly not a result of my intervention is the fact that the women are still the giantesses of the "classical" period, given a Spanish look by their mantillas; they are formal feminine constructions which register no reaction whatsoever to external event, so that the psychological situation ostensibly represented is fortuitous, and although this element of the fortuitous creeps in, has no great faith in itself, does not snatch so fierce a victory as in a Chirico, nevertheless it is the source of our presentiment that all is not as it appears to be: the frightened horse brought to a standstill in a posture which leaves it extraordinarily vulnerable to the horns of the bull now reminds us of the Dinard bathers of 1927, dismayed into erotic poses; it has become an image of the provoked activity of Picasso's formal women. So may not the relationship between the white horse and the women in mantillas be not dissimilar to the relationship between the girl bowling a hoop and the yawning pantechnicon in "Mystery and Melancholy of a Street"? Has not the horse been cornered by Picasso as certainly as the pantechnicon has been immobilized by Chirico?



MINOTAUR

Picasso

The period of the symbolic bull-fights opens quietly in 1933. The variations on classical themes which Picasso conceived in a series of watercolours belonging to the same year, are followed or accompanied, by four etchings, (reproduced in the first number of *Minotaure*) each of which depicts a grave and emblematic minotaur, grasping a sacrificial knife, and sitting with legs apart to display his beautifully wrought sex. They are graceful and innocent prefigurations of the monster which darkens the "Minotauromachy" etching. At the same time, and in the same mythological vein, the bull-fight commences in a large chalk drawing. It depicts a bull standing in a somewhat heraldic pose, with a sword sunk into the back of his neck. He is neither furious nor dying—nor even wounded; the sword in his neck is iconographical, like St. Sebastian's arrows. On his back are a naked woman and a white horse, enfolded together. The woman's arms are in the sleeves of a matador's tunic, and a shred of the breeches still clings to one knee. The horse screams and the woman sleeps. With one hand, the woman supports her sleeping head, the other lightly touches the bull's horn. This is a very Spanish account of Europa and the bull. Europa, the matador, incites and attacks; Europa, the white horse, is timid and unwilling. Between these two co-existent rôles she has received the bull; now she lies squandered on his back, wearing souvenirs of her positive rôle, involved with the image of her negative rôle, and sleeps a, triumphant sleep. At the same time, woman and horse are worn as trophies by the bull. It is the heraldry of consummated desire.

The bull-fight paintings which follow in 1934 are devoted almost without exception to the depiction of the hysteria of violent contact. Picasso's memories of the bull-fight are crossed and fused with mementos of the animal combats on Siberian gold plaques. In every instance the intimate interlacing of the antagonists fails to disclose the precise nature of the combat, and the effect is not of cruelty and pain but of intense excitement. If, amidst the tangle of forms, we perceive the hanging entrails of the horse, we accept them as a characteristic appendage, of no more and no less significance than the banners which flutter at the confines of the ring, like those banners in early Chiricos which so patently signal a sexual triumph. It may be that these works were the beginning

of an attempt to render accessible to painting that situation on which Rilke set his heart (but which, in his ineffectual way, he could not contemplate apart from a concept of heaven), a situation in which lovers like acrobats would show their "daring lofty figures of heart-flight, their towers of pleasure" before a great ring of applauding spectators. But these bull-fights are more effective together than apart, and in this terrain, Masson, for his woman and bull-piano alone, claims all the honours.

The figures in "Minotauromachy" are like the separate cards of a tarot pack, brought together in a permanent configuration. Some of these figures appear to be watching one another, yet no glance reaches a destination; some of them in their gestures appear to be reacting to other presences, but these gestures are simply their fixed attributes. The scene is composite—made out of the heterogeneous fragments of environment which the different figures inhabit.

Picasso does not divide his talents, and his composition is nearly always a result of the compulsive requirements of his forms, but "Minotauromachy" is composed of separable elements which yet have every appearance of inevitability. The early work of Chirico has disclosed to us that the suppression of the representable aspects of a situation often allows the situation to emerge symbolically without the attrition of complexity which is a characteristic of more literal modes of beholding, and his work further demonstrates that a certain poetic incongruity between the objects assembled is a necessary signal to us of the presence of symbolism. But Picasso's symbols, unlike Chirico's, are living creatures; and their disposition is contrived with a dazzling display of seemingly dramatic reactions; in this sense he is near to Ernst, and perhaps the "Minotauromachy" can be called his best contribution to collage: it is a collage of his own images.

The attempt to attenuate the figures of "Minotauromachy" into persons in a dramatic situation or into personifications in an interpretable allegory would bring few rewards. Symbolism has no force outside the erotic domain, for only under the compulsion of Eros can it be unpremeditated, and the symbols of Eros are infinitely mutable. The bull in "Guernica" has little validity as symbolism because it presents us with only two possibilities: it can represent the forces of fascist repression or the just

rage of the people, and although I think it is intended to represent the rage of the people, Herbert Read has unequivocally expressed the opposite view. When the choice is thus narrowed we do not have presentiments, we are simply confused. But "Guernica" has not the importance which so many people are anxious to assign to it. Sir Kenneth Clark, the director of the National Gallery, London, has even stupidly asserted that it is the real beginning of 20th century painting! An assertion which has an ulterior motive, since he has become the Barker for English painters of air-raid damage. The fact is, I think, that "Guernica" is not very much more than a symposium of Picasso "distortions," the chief d'oeuvre of his private academy. Of infinitely greater interest than the symbolism of the "Guernica" bull is its daintily cleft hoof, which has mysteriously identified itself with the heels-together-toes-apart stance of Goya's raffish women.

Some observations on the feminine images in "Minotauromachy" can be made without impairing their potentiality, for they are different aspects of Pasiphaë. As the female bull-fighter, she has returned from that love-bout in which she had to be the possessor before she could be possessed. She lies on the back of the white horse, which prances and cowers and exhibits its wound. She is appeased now and withdrawn in sleep, contented with her condition—and perhaps both sadistic and masochistic desires have been gratified, for she still holds her bull-fighter's sword, and the wound in the horse from which the entrails flow is an image of rough love-making and of the birth trauma. As the little girl, she takes no responsibility for her actions; she sees by candlelight which gives "a doubtful sense of things," and she holds a disarming bunch of flowers, which will be presented to whoever needs to be placated. Up above, she has taken her seat for the scenes which will be the outcome of her conduct, and with her is a confidant. But this couple sends forth that same cold wind of imperturbable ennui that rises from that early engraving of Juliette and Lady Clairwil pushing the Princess Borghese into the crater of Vesuvius. The two birds on the window-sill are no doubt the doves of Venus. The naked man climbing a ladder would appear to be the enigma card of the pack, corresponding to the "fool" of the tarot.

The act of juxtaposition has tangled all these figures in a web of ambiguous emotions and potential violence. The figures themselves are visions, seized upon with ardent impartiality and depicted with their psycho-physical loveliness intact.

Someone who respects the living image but holds no work of art as such to be sacrosanct will some day stake his desires and reshuffle the pack.

View

CHARLES HENRI FORD, Editor

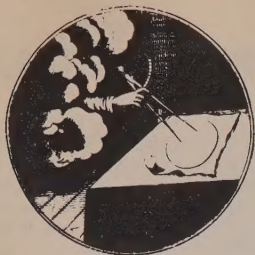
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I do not intend to discuss here the problem of similitudes which the seventeenth century exploited so much. I cannot allow myself to believe for instance (and who would be surprised



at this?) that rhubarb cures anger because its stalk is red and because anger is red, too. But what interests me in this line of thought is the problem of correspondences and in particular that of the World Soul, that occult force which the hermetic philosophers discuss, a central generating power, a morphological principle. It is the counterpart of the human soul because everything that exists in

man exists also in the universe. And that is how one must interpret the symbolical image of Lamspring who depicts the soul and the spirit as two fish swimming in the body as in water:

The sages will tell you that two fishes are in our sea without any flesh or bones. Let them be cooked in their own water; then they will become a vast sea, the vastness of which no man can describe. Moreover, the sages say that two fishes are only one, not two . . .

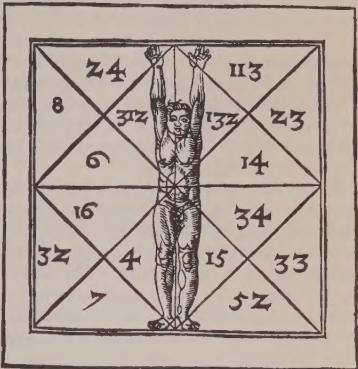
Lamspring is referring here to an alchemic process. It is the world soul joined to the Spirit, a microcosmic Androgyne that the alchemist must seize and inclose in the sealed jar if he does not wish to produce vulgar gold, but the philosophical gold which is blessed with vegetative forces and grows and multiplies like the gold of the terrestrial womb.

According to Jung the alchemic process is mainly of a psychic nature; and this makes it even more analogous to the artist's labor. In vain do we seek to investigate the nature of the occult forces which are at work

in the act of artistic creation. The artist himself does not master them. He is subjected to them just as a medium experiences the trance; and it is in this state that the artist produces beings which obey the morphological laws and the ordering forces of nature. His work will be a microcosmic counterpart of the universe created in unity. Without this unity, it would remain a thing where dissociated objects do not obey a central force instilling rhythm into them and giving them that secret affinity which permeates all the creatures of the universe.

It is in this sense of correspondence that one must interpret the sign of Agrippa where a man stands erect in a cabalistic square filled with numbers. Each attitude of the body expresses a different cosmic force and the slightest motion will unleash its consequences in the world above.

Thus must one understand forced motionlessness and the archaic poses of the Kings of Egypt who, charged with magic powers, dared not move freely for fear of upsetting the order of the universe. The creative work of the artist is perhaps also a magic act,



whose purpose is to recognize the soul of the world and to create through this knowledge in the same manner as the magician who creates disturbances by means of a few scribbled signs. It is dangerous to draw pentacles; it is dangerous to draw any design, to write words, to create artistic or artificial things, because we cannot know what their correspondences will be. Only in the state of trance, in the moment when the World Soul has entered into the artist, will he be able to produce with impunity (and this is a warning to all who create without inspiration) those works which are in harmony with the universe and its secret laws.

[translated by Edouard Roditi]

48	The Fourth Book The Characters of good Spirits.			of Occult Philosophy. The Characters of evil Spirits.	49
A simple point.	Round.	Starry.	A right line.	Crooked.	Reflexed.
Straight standing line.	Lying.	Oblique.	A simple figure.	Penetrate.	Broken.
Line crooked like a bow.	Like waves.	Toothed.	A right letter.	Retrograde.	Invers'd.
Interfection right.	Inherent.	Adherent separate.	Flame.	Wind.	Water.
Obliq; interfection simple.	Mixt.	Manifold.	A mass.	Rain.	Clay.
Perpendicular right dexter.	Sinister.	Neuten.	A flying thing.	A creeping thing.	A Serpent.
A whole figure.	Broken.	Half.	An eye.	A hand.	A foot.
A letter inhering.	Adhering.	Separate.	A crown.	A crest.	Horns.
		The			A

Magic signs attributed to Cornelius Agrippa and employed for conjuring the forces of the invisible world. One should note the abstract non-figurative nature of the signs for the good spirits. The evil spirits on the other hand tend to obey signs of concrete surrealist nature.

A NIGHT WITH JUPITER

By HENRY MILLER

Well, where was I? Oh, yes, after taking leave of the sidewalk writer I found myself on Cahuenga Boulevard, walking towards the mountains. I was looking up at the stars when a car came up behind me and ran into a map post. Everybody was killed. I walked on "irregardless," as they say, and the more I looked at the stars the more I realized how lucky I was to have escaped without so much as a splinter. There was an occasion in Paris when I did some stargazing and darned near broke my neck. I sat down on the steps of a temple, on Ivar Avenue I think it was, and began to muse. About that narrow escape at the Villa Seurat, I mean.

Every once in a while, when I'm riding the crest of a euphoria, I get the notion that I'm immune—to disease, accidents, poverty, even death. I was coming home one night, after having spent a wonderful evening with my friend Moricand, the astrologer, and just as I was about to turn off the Avenue d'Orléans into the Rue d'Alésia I thought of two things simultaneously: a) to sit down and have a glass of beer, b) to look up and see where Jupiter was at that precise chronological moment. I had just passed the Café Bouquet d'Alésia which faces the church and as there were still a few moments before closing time I saw no reason why I should not sit down on the terrace and enjoy a quiet beer all to myself. There was always a red glow about the church which fascinated me—and at the same time from where I sat I could look at my benevolent planet, Jupiter. I never thought to see where Saturn was, or Mars. Well, I was sitting there like that, feeling wonderful inside and out, when the couple who lived below me happened to come along. We shook hands and then they asked if I would object to their sitting beside me and joining me in a little drink. I was in such a state of elation that, despite the fact that the man, who was an Italian refugee, bored me to death, I said—"Sure, nothing could be better." And with that I began to tell them how marvellous everything was. The man looked at me as though I were a bit cracked, because at that particular moment everything was rotten in the world and he felt particularly rotten about it because it was his business to write about historical events and processes. When he pressed me as to why I felt so good and I told him for no particular reason he looked at me as though I had done him a personal injury. But that didn't deter me in the least. I ordered another round of drinks, not to get high, because the beer was innocuous and besides I was drunk already, drunk with exaltation, but because I wanted to see them look a little more cheerful even if world events did look putrid. Well, I guess I had three beers—and then I suggested we go home. It was a short walk back to the Villa Seurat and in that brief span of time I grew positively radiant. Like an idiot I confessed to them that I was in such a superb state of being that if the Creator himself had willed it he would find it impossible to harm me. And on that note I shook hands with them and climbed the stairs to my studio.

As I was undressing I got the idea of going up to the roof and having a last look at Jupiter. It was a warm night and I had on nothing but my carpet slippers. To get up to the roof I had to climb a vertical iron ladder to the balcony of the studio. Well, to make it short, I hit my fill of Jupiter. I was ready to hit the hay. The lights were out but the moonlight came through the long window above the balcony. I walked in a trance to the iron ladder, put my foot out instinctively, missed it and fell through the glass door below. In falling I remember distinctly how delicious it felt to fall backwards into space. I picked myself up and began hopping

around like a bird to see if any bones had been broken. I could hop all right but I was gasping, as though some one had stuck a knife in my back. I reached around with one hand and felt a big piece of glass sticking in my back, which I promptly pulled out. I felt another piece in my backside and pulled that out too, and then another in my instep. Then I began to laugh. I laughed because evidently I was not killed and I could still hop about like a bird. The floor was getting rather bloody and no matter where I stepped there was more glass.

I decided to call the Italian downstairs and have him look me over, bandage up the cuts, and so on. When I opened the door I found him coming up the stairs. He had heard the crash and wondered what had happened to me. Previously, while we were at table one day, a rabbit had fallen off the roof and crashed through the sky-light right in to our table. But this time it was no rabbit, he knew that.

"You'd better call a doctor," he said, "you're full of cuts and bruises."

I told him I'd rather not—just find some alcohol and some cotton to wash the cuts. I said I'd sleep it off, it couldn't be very serious.

"But you're bleeding like a pig," he said, and he began to wring his hands frantically.

He woke the fellow up across the hall and asked him to telephone a doctor. No luck. One said, "Take him to the hospital"; another said, "It's too late, I've just gone to bed, call So-and-So."

"I don't want any bloody French doctor," I said. "You find some alcohol and put some bandages over the cuts—I'll be O.K."

Finally they found some wood alcohol and a roll of absorbent cotton. I stood in the bathtub and they sponged me off. "You're still bleeding," said the Italian, who for some reason couldn't stand the sight of blood.

"Get some adhesive tape and plug the cuts up with cotton," I said. The blood was running down my legs and I didn't like to see it going to waste like that.

Well, they did their best and then they helped me into bed. When I touched the bed I realized that I was full of bruises. I couldn't move. Soon I fell asleep and I guess I must have slept an hour or more when suddenly I awoke and felt something slippery in the bed. I put my hand on the sheet and it was wet with blood. That gave me a start. I got out of bed, turned on the lights and threw the covers back. I was horrified when I saw the pool of blood I had been lying in. Jesus! My own blood and running out of me like a sewer. That brought me to my senses. I ran next door and knocked. "Get up quick!" I yelled. "I'm bleeding to death!"

Luckily the fellow had a car. I couldn't put any clothes on, I was stiff and sore and too frightened to bother. I slung a bath robe around me and let him race me to the American hospital in Neuilly. It was almost daylight and everybody was asleep apparently. It seemed hours until the interne came down and deigned to staunch my wounds.

While he was sewing me up here and there and feeling my bones and ligaments we fell into a curious conversation about Surrealism. He was a youngster from Georgia and he had never heard of Surrealism until he came to Paris. He wanted to know what it was all about. Well, it's hard enough to explain what Surrealism means under ordinary circumstances but when you've lost a lot of blood and had an anti-tetanus injection and a man is trying to sew up your rectum and another man is looking at you and wondering why you don't yell or faint it's almost impossible to get the old dialectic working properly. I made a few Surrealistic explanations which I saw at once meant nothing to

him and then I closed my eyes and took a cat nap until he had finished his job.

The Surrealistic touch came after we started back in the car. My young friend, who was a Swiss, and a very neurotic one at that, suddenly had an imperious desire to eat breakfast. He wanted to take me to some café on the Champs-Élysées where they had excellent croissants. He said a coffee would do me good, and a little cognac with it.

"But how can I walk into a café in this bathrobe?" I asked. I didn't have the trousers to my pajamas—they had ripped them off, as doctors always do, why I don't know. They rip them off and throw them in the waste basket, when it would be just as easy to pull them off and save them for the laundry.

Arnaud, my friend, saw nothing strange whatever about having breakfast in a bathrobe on the Champs-Élysées. "They can see that you've had an accident," he said. "The bathrobe is full of blood."

"That makes it all right, does it?" I asked.

"It's all right with me," he said. "As for them, *je m'en fous!*"

"If you don't mind," I insisted weakly, "I'd rather wait till we get to our own neighborhood."

"But the croissants there are no good," he said, clinging stubbornly to his obsession like a petulant child.

"Damn the croissants!" I said. "I'm weak, I want to get to bed."

Finally he reluctantly consented to do as I had suggested. "But my palate was just set for those delicious croissants," he said. "I'm hungry . . . I'm famished."

On the rue de la Tombe-Issoire we stopped at a *bistrot* and had breakfast. We had to stand up at the bar. I ate half a croissant and felt like caving in. The workmen dropping in thought we had been on a spree. One burly chap was just about to give me a hearty slap on the back, the very thought of which almost threw me into a faint. Arnaud leisurely devoured one croissant after another. They were not so bad after all, he averred. Just when I thought we were ready to go he asked for another cup of coffee. I stood there in agony while he slowly sipped it—it was too hot to polish off at one gulp.

When I got back to my place I threw the bloody sheets on the floor and laid myself gently on the mattress. The bruises were so painful now that I groaned with pleasure. I fell into a sound sleep—a coma.

When I came to, my friend Moricand was sitting beside the bed. Arnaud had telephoned him, he said. He seemed amazed that I was able to talk.

"It happened between one-thirty and two in the morning, did it not?" he asked.

Yes, I thought that was about the time. *Why*, I wanted to know. What was he getting at?

He made a serious face. Then he solemnly extracted a paper from his inside pocket. "This," he said, waving the paper before my eyes, "is the astrological picture of the accident. I was curious, you know. You seemed in such an excellent mood last night when you left me. Well, here it is . . ." and he leaned over to explain the black and red lines which contained so much meaning for him.

"You were lucky not to have killed yourself," he said. "When I came in and saw the blood everywhere I thought surely you were dead. Everything was against you at that hour last night. If you had gone to bed immediately you might have escaped it. Another man would have died, that's a certainty. But you, as I told you often, are very lucky. You have two rudders: when the one gives out the other one comes into play. What saved you was Jupiter. Jupiter was the only planet in your horoscope which was not badly aspected."

He explained the set-up to me in detail. It was very much like being walled in. If all the doors had been shut I would have died. He showed me the picture of Balzac's death, an amazing diagram of Fate, as beautiful and austere as a chess problem.

"Can't you show me Hitler's death chart?" I said, smiling weakly.

"*Mon vieux*," he responded with alacrity, "that would indeed give me great pleasure, could I do that. Unfortunately I see nothing catastrophic in sight for him yet. But when he falls, mark my words, he will go out quickly—like a light. Now he is still climbing. When he reaches the top it will be for just a little while and then *Pam!* he will go like that! There are bad days ahead. We're going to suffer a great catastrophe. I wish I had a Jupiter like yours. But I have that infernal Saturn. I don't see any hope. . ."

THE POLITICS OF SPIRIT

(Continued from page 1)

which anguish Europe and Asia lose force within the boundaries of this hemisphere. Contradictions? Yes, of course. In Europe. But this is the United States of America, a nation so great and rich and powerful that it can blunt all paradoxes. Before Pearl Harbor Americans believed that they could win the war without even entering it, win entirely on the basis of their industrial productivity. This was the sense of the slogans popular during that period: "All Aid Short of War," "Defend America by Aiding the Allies," "We Won't Send the Boys Across." Americans expected to win without having to die. Now they must admit that death is indispensable. But they have not yet come to the end of their illusion. They hope to economise on death on the basis of superproduction. They hope to win without morale.

Will this hope be realised? It is the hope of a spirited people who have not yet become revolutionary, who are used to playing while their machines suffer. And it is true that despite the limitations forced on production by the decadent system of private enterprise, American industry is more powerful than any of its rivals. We can make machines in enormous quantities, but will this suffice? There are 80,000,000 Germans, 70,000,000 Japanese. The Axis has 150,000,000 state machines! What can be accomplished with such material was demonstrated at Pearl Harbor.

The administration in Washington is of the opinion that the people cannot win without morale, that they cannot defeat their enemies until they have been thrashed by their state. Is this view correct? To emerge victorious in this war and police the continents of Europe and Asia, the American state will need an ever increasing quantity of corpses along with the necessary planes and tanks. This will require of the American people that docile devotion to ferocious tasks which is the peculiar inspiration of state morale. Then, apathy with victory as a consequence on the one hand, enslavement to enemy states on the other, the fate of the Germans or that of the French, are such the alternatives of the American people who, the song writers tell us, are God's favorites on earth?

Before these unattractive alternatives the American individual must become melancholy and splenetic. He will recognize that the bourgeois order which, in its period of progressive development, required a spirited individual and an innocuous state, now in its decadence requires the state to be vigorous, the individual inert. His resentment may even reach the point where he will begin to envy, not only the Russians, but also the Chinese, who are able to die to the detriment of their states. History awaits his irritability.

The Cat that Came Back



JIMMIE LONESOME

Gertrude Cato

Courtesy Bonestell Gallery

TO BILLY, THE CAT THAT CAME BACK

Billy, a kitten once nobody owned,
 You have made me love you, even more
 Than just the philofelist-heart would love,
 But I have dealt with you, time after time,
 Against my will. Billy, you caused me to.
 It was expediency that wrought my choice.
 Expediency stood out against my will,
 And now, I understand, at least, in part,
 God way of many years with me,
 His kind unkindness in my salvaged life.
 I still remember your amusive plight,
 The day that little girl brought you to us
 And gave you to my aged mother.
 Your kitten's fur of white and yellow hue
 Was scuffed and soiled with children's hands,
 Your fur was glued with jelly to your back
 And soap and water was of no avail,
 So I clipped off your fur with the shears.
 You had not had the proper nourishment.
 You had been fed irregularly, from house to house.
 Your scrawniness was tearfully a joke,
 Yet, I saw in you the promise of a cat,
 The fineness and the bigness of a cat,
 Just like your daddy was, our cat that died
 Two months before your salvaged day with us.
 He came to us a year before you came.
 From day to day, I gave you meat of different kinds,
 I gave you milk and other kinds of food
 And watched you grow, the months you stayed with us.
 You knew it was your home and loved your home
 And never strayed from it, at any time,
 You never strayed, but, sometimes you would go
 Across the street and visit, for awhile,
 A kitten on a neighbor's shaded lawn.
 Here, you discovered cooling dairy milk,
 Cooling in a tub of water in the yard.
 For this I whipped you, more than once,
 With a switch, I whipped you very hard.
 This proved to be of no avail, at all.
 Then, I shut you up till the morning milk had cooled,
 But you did not forget the cooling milk.
 A neighbor, south of us, caused you to err,
 Because, sometimes, when he had milked his goat,
 He'd bring you some of it, at supper-time.
 This made you err, I say, because you learned
 To go and sit upon his porch till he had milked.
 Moreover, sometimes, you would hang around
 His pen of pheasants and his pens of quails.
 I was distressed, and more and more distressed
 And mother was distressed more than I
 And made me send you to our kinsman's home.
 I went to see you soon — I went twelve miles.
 You see, my Love for you could not forget.
 With me, I took a bag of powdered milk.
 I petted you and fed you from my heart,
 Then, on my shoulder, let you ride, again.
 In a few days, you left this doctor's home,
 Which was your home, and left his small in tears.
 This lad had found his love for you, at our house,
 He wished the joy of you could share his home.
 You'd left the doctor's home, once before,
 To claim the undertaker as your friend,
 This amused the doctor, who likes a joke.
 Yet, after all, your funny course revealed
 The helpless and the tragic course of mortals.
 Two months went by, and I often thought of you
 And wondered if the world still held your life
 And grieved, because my kindness was unkind.
 Two months went by, I say, or nearly two,
 And, in the falling shadows of the autumn-night,
 I rubbed my eyes and looked at you, again.
 You see, I was not certain that it was you,
 Because you had become a full-grown cat,
 And thus you'd kept the promise of my dream.
 I called you Billy and you came to me
 And let me pet you as I used to pet.
 There was forgiveness in your attitude,
 Yet, there was hesitation in your heart.

Dr. W. C. Williams, Rutherford, N.J.

Ina, Illinois, Jan., 1942

Dear Bill:

At last, with fear and trembling I am sending you a kitten-cat story that has passed through my own heart. I say it is with fear and trembling, because I have come to know that I am no judge of my own literary profusions, and I know, by past experience, that damns, and not blessings may follow the reception of this poem.

You know, Bill, in CONTACT, you once published a poem for me entitled, TO TWO MOTHERLESS KITTENS. This was in the year 1819. I have always liked a dog, but I never did fancy a cat until I begun to break down with nervous prostration. In the four years I was up and down, before my life had gravitated to the house of bedlam, a litter of kittens, in my father's home, died, excepting one. My sister, Vera, my youngest sister, named him Jimmie Lonesome. However, that is another story. But I must tell it to you, so you will get the connection. A few years before, and before I married, we were living near Frisco, Illinois. Over, on the other hill, east of us, lived a Dr. Clinton who had hung a skeleton in one corner of the office. "Doc's" kids, who were not afraid of the Devil, called him Jimmie Lonesome. I say they were not afraid of the Devil, because they would take the broom handle and pull down the lower jaw of the skeleton to hear the teeth pop. The doctor had had the body brought out from St. Louis and had had the meat boiled off, in the woods, near his office, while the dogs of the countryside howled, at night, and the kiddies shunned the dark, or hid their faces under the cover when they went to bed.

But as I was going to say, before I digressed to tell you about the skeleton, Jimmie Lonesome, I trained Jimmie Lonesome, the lone kitten, to do many stunts. I name some of the more out-standing feats. I trained him to jump through a wire hoop and to jump over, always coming back to take his place for another jump. I taught him to lie down and roll over and to put his head down and turn a summersault. I begun teaching him by having him to lap milk out of a can lid while he sat up. Later, I found that any cat will do that stunt. From that day on, I have been an extreme philofelist.

I have a free verse poem which I wrote about Billy, referred to in the poem I am enclosing. I wrote this the first time I sent him away. You will see that the prevailing meter of the enclosed poem is iambic. However I have broken the meter, at times, purposely, to break the monotony of the rhythm and to give it more of a conversational key. I hope you will like TO BILLY, THE CAT THAT CAME BACK.

Yours,

A. N. TURNER

Dear Ford:

Jan. 15, 1942

All you literary guys! Phooie! Here's real American Surrealism. This man was a Baptist preacher, went mad — largely by way of love! was put in an insane asylum where he rotted for four years. Finally he was released and has learned to love cats! Cats!

Naturally no one wants to print this poem though in depth and sincerity of feeling it far surpasses Snowbound — which it resembles in form.

Print it as "the true American Surrealism" and earn my eternal gratitude, (though you may not have the room for it) I send you the whole budget of his missives. He has a marvellous history all the way back to Daniel Boone and this is the logical and inevitable chute! His is the history of America. I wish I could really write him up IN FULL. A housepainter now. What a magnificent contrast he makes with another of the same profession. This one a real man of the future, that one a rotten stub.

Yrs

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Perhaps, you thought about that pasteboard box
 I put you in and sent you miles away.
 Perhaps you feared another thrashing,
 Because you were so late in coming home.
 I saw that you were lank from hungeriness,
 I fed you and I petted you, some more,
 And had you do the shoulder-stunt, anew,
 And then your Confidence accepted me.
 Our joy was brief: great joy is always brief.
 Your memory of home, which brought you home,
 Embraced our neighbor's pens of game.
 And so the neighbor's wife made her report
 Of how she found you sitting on a pen.
 "That settles that," my mother said to her,
 "Again, that cat has settled his own fate."
 So, in another box, with an aching heart,
 I tied up your feline future, again,
 And let my brother, visiting with us,
 Take you away, a hundred miles away,
 To join the young cat in my sister's home.
 But Fate was there to rout you out, again,
 Despite my two small nieces' love for you;
 For they had learned to love you in our home.
 Do you recall my sister's neighbor's cat?
 He chased my sister's cat away from home.
 That was, of course, before your day, but you
 No doubt, recall he tried to chase you, too.
 In this he failed, because you stood your ground
 And proved your mettle, despite your wander-lust.
 But sister was grieved, and her daughters grieved:
 They did not want you to be fighting,
 So you were taken to a neighbor's home
 Where you and happiness remain today.
 The husband and the wife, the grandma, too,
 Have come to feel that the good Lord sent you there
 To let your happiness dispel the gloom
 Their little daughter's death had left for hearts,
 Still bound by the tenderness of broken ties.
 Now, I am comforted,
 Despite my lasting loss of you
 Which rent the heart of me with pain,
 Too sharp for tears,
 And I am made to understand, in part,
 God's kind unkindness in my salvaged life.

ALVA N. TURNER

Nicolas Calas : PROVERBS

A woman who is ashamed is a crown to her husband's rottenness.
Cut off the hands of rulers and give them to lovers.
Words are diamonds to a heart of glass.
The belly of the righteous is full of sugar and the soul of the wicked full of honey.
The tabernacle of the upright will end by becoming a house of death; but the heart of the stranger will flourish with joy in the streets of thy city.
Bitter laughter is heavy; but mirth comes to an end.
The rottenness of the king is the life of his servant.
How many more hearts of children are needed for the destruction of men?
A wise son despiseth a glad father; but a foolish son maketh his mother glad.
Dig the fire of burning lips into ungodly ears.
The mighty shutteth his eyes by moving his lips.
The dew in the lion's mouth and the roaring sound of grass fall upon lovers.
Keep the desolation of thy heart from thy feet.
If thou seekest her as silver, incline thine ear unto fear for she is a tree of shadows and her voice is a shining cloud.
Thou mayest walk on thine own heart and never find treasures; thou shalt stumble in thy dreams on the shadow of her hand.
Birds shed blood from their wings while our feet get caught in the net.
Only mistakes are sins, their cords forge iniquities.
The law is the shadow of commandment and reproof is its cloud.
Jealousy is the ransom of gifts.
Wise is the son whose mother is in heaven.
Pour poison into the clear water of words and it will choke all who listen with the blood of their own wounds.
A man's gift shrinks the heart of others with fear.
Who can tell which one loves more, he who entreats or he who answers roughly?
When we say that a woman is virtuous it means that she is still the slave of man.
The tongue of the wise is as silver and the heart of the wicked is as gold; when the tongue hideth hatred it uttereth a multitude of wise words.
The mouth is the nest of a serpent; blood can heal words.
The wisdom of the newspapers consists in concealing the secrets the talebearer revealeth; but a publisher of understanding holdeth his peace by revealing the matter and concealing the spirit.
Hope in death exalteth the people; but to be driven away from the nation is a reproach to the flesh.
The soft tongue of a fool turneth anger into knowledge; but the mouth of the wise stirreth both wrath and grief.
The wrath of the king is a messenger of death; the fear of revolution will calm the tyrant.

Robert Duncan : A LETTER TO JACK JOHNSON

Bakelite inhabitant of death, I see, when I have forgotten the green and the opulent meadows, the direct skull which you push through the skin to kiss life. I see when the trees have fallen under my hands of dishonor the enormous beaked birds of desire; I see the corn kernels we have scattered together break in the fields of cement and expand.

The casket is lowered into the mind's waiting cellars. I have ordered a Waltz in its variations. Belvedere doorman, braided, metal, announcing perpetually Night: whom shall I dance with? I open my wings to disclose my other face and I find your eyes in the dark.

Let us remember the play and make our entrance with feathers. I shall cry O lesbian fear! and you shall turn the many fine segments of your body into despair. I shall mount the infernal cage of the Hesperides, beating the air in the radiant West. A roar fills the curve of the actual world and I see you transformed, immovable like a witch-doktor in the lunar eclipse on a checkerboard table. I see you win over the knight whose horse spreads disease in Bishop's Fourth; I see you defeat the Queen at the junction of Impossible Victories.

O I am willing when I have seen the clear water withered to come home to death. I am waiting under these wonders, these stars, my conceits. I am waiting and wandering only in dreams as far as your threshold. Only, if I lift my hand thru the surface, curved like a message, if I leave my right hand with its five staring fingers as a gift in the wax, I will come home to your solitude. Death's sirens, death's musical women and hunger will come out of the subways and into their harps. When you blow you will find in the trombone my hair like weeds in the water return on the music.

secret and plan for
I hear here already
Death's hurdy-gurdy. Plan for
a closet for the partial
continual arrival of me

I shall be drawn thru in music
I shall be drawn thru in pain
I shall be drawn thru in delirium

I open my mouth to contain the last glass of our bridge toward the waves, the magnificent structure, so long debated, disappears in the sea.

Silent. No deep sound to it.

The room we have together is like a diving bell.

Randall Jarrell : THE NIGHTMARE

I sit here blinking in the plain light
Of a quarter till two: death marked down
For the natives of beds, hell's crystal
For the household daemon perplexed with man.
The fire puffs; the crust in the bowl
Of whole milk at the hearth's corner
Vanishes to my full stare; the peaked
Bird's faces of the nightmare's girls
Croak up their raptures from the real floor.
My sleep is rotten with day; the black's
Set phantasies are great with pain, the old wives peer
Like picked chickens into the gunner's sky.
All the streets are traversed; and the tears sparkle
From the cracked breast to the foolish mouth
That wears blood like a blush; scars bud
From the blind purpose of the desperate limbs —
The traveller laughs, night falls, and the girls scream
To puff like mushrooms from my learned embrace.
Look at me! If tears flame from my mouths like oil,
My leaves are talking with love; if, young and joy,
I still see, eating my bushy laugh, rotting the anguish
That rains like kisses from the scarecrow's hand,
Time — be still, the skull says, I hear all my sleep
The girls whispering from the grove, the beasts believing
Night bright with my blood, the mad children of my wreck
— O my own loves! See, time frets faster from your fingers
Than luck from a gambler's shuffle, death weighs dumb
The limbs blood and no love move.
Who am I? The years and dusk of the grove
Where the limb clots lifeless in its plaster womb,
The pilot broken in heaven, a roc among pigmies
Who weep flowers and are beautiful, and kneel to suck
From his scarred breast no venom, blood.
Who loved me, then? The fruit-bats who hung long
And eating from my sleep, where like a fool at dreams
I made their hair sob liquid from the comb,
Fish-tailed and wifish by the salt-swathed berg,
The maids and good of my storm-cherished sea.
The hands that lay spun-sugar by my bone
Crumple like paper, lips spurt fast as fuses
From my lit brain-pan, nightly, limb on limb,
The columns fail from all my factories.
The hands that ate my heart out made a world.
Iron sweat, there; here, pain breeds like yeast
In the poor cells life tenants like a soul.
Light clots my wrecked blood, the world like lymph
Streams lucid and lifeless from my heart, see! see!
No love, no life — Time and my wreck are all.

Lawrence Durrell : DAPHNIS AND CHLOE (for V.)

This boy is the good shepherd Daphnis.
He paces the impartial horizons.
Forty days in the land of tombs,
Waterless wilderness, seeking waterholes.
Knows the sound of the golden eagle, knows
The algebraic flute blue under Jupiter:
Supine in myrtle, lamb between his knees
Has been a musical lion upon the midnight.
This boy was the good shepherd.
Time's ante-room by the Aegean tooth,
Curled like an umber snake above the spray,
Mumbling arbutus among the chalk-snags,
The Grecian molars where the blue sea spins.
Suffered a pastoral decay.

This girl, Chloë, is the milk and honey.
Under the eaves the dark figs ripen,
The leaf's nine medicines, a climbing wine.
Under the tongue the bee-sting,
Under the breast the adder at the lung
Like feathered child at wing.
Life's honey is distilled simplicity.
The icy crystal pendant from the rock,
The turtle's scorching ambush for its egg,
The cypress and the cicada,
The wine-dark blue and curious, then,
The metaphoric sea.
This girl was the milk and honey,
Carved a prodigious atlas in the rock,
A skeleton chiselled in chalk
For Time's Nigerian brown to study on.
From the disease of life took the pure way,
Declined into the cliffs, the European waters,
Suffered a pastoral decay.

THE SISTERS by Leonora Carrington

"Drusille," the letter read.

"Drusille, soon I will be near you. My love is already with you. The beating of its wings goes faster than my body. Whenever I find myself away from you, I'm only a poor stuffed bird, because you withhold my insides, my heart and my thoughts.

"Drusille, I embrace the midday wind because it goes towards you. . . Drusille, my life! Your voice is more moving than thunder, your eyes more overwhelming than lightning. Drusille, marvelous Drusille, I love you, I love you, I love you, Drusille, sitting in the rain, your long ferocious face close to this letter."

The thunder growled around her and the wind beat her face with its damp hair.

The storm was so terrible that it tore up the flowers with their stalks and bore them in troubled rivulets towards an unknown fate. Flowers were not the only victims: the streams swept away mangled butterflies, fruits, bees and small birds.

Drusille, sitting in her garden amidst all this havoc, laughed. She laughed in a harsh and savage voice, the letter crushed against her breast. Squatting on her feet, two frogs hissed this monotonous thought: Drusille, my Belzamine, Drusille, my Belzamine.

The sun, with a savage thrust, tore through the clouds and spread a yellow raging heat over the garden trembling with wetness. Drusille arose from the water like a ghost and went into the house.

Engadine, the housekeeper, was sitting on the floor, her hands full of vegetables being prepared for dinner. She looked at her mistress with her crafty little eyes.

"Prepare the royal apartment," said Drusille. "The king will be here this evening. Hurry. Sprinkle the sheets with perfume."

"I knew it already," answered Engadine. "Your letter passed through my hands."

Drusille gave her a kick in the stomach.

"Get up, you slut!" The servant rose, her face contracted with pain.

"Jasmine or patchouli?"

"Patchouli for the pillows, jasmine for the sheets and musk for the purple coverlets. Put the lilac robe on the bed, with the scarlet pyjamas. Make haste before I slap you."

In the kitchen, cakes and enormous tarts were being put to bake or coming from the oven. Pomegranates and melons stuffed with larks garnished the boards; whole beeves turned slowly on the spits; peacocks, pheasants, turkeys awaited their turn. Fabulous fruits in gigantic hampers encumbered the corridors. Drusille walked slowly through this forest of food, tasting a lark here, a cake there.

In the cellar, old wooden casks relinquished their contents of blood, or honey, or wine. Most of the servants were stretched out on the floor, dead drunk.

Drusille took the opportunity of hiding a bonbon of honey under her skirt. She went up towards the attic. The upper parts of the house were steeped in silence, the winding stairs peopled with bats, rats and mice. Drusille finally arrived in front of a door which she opened with a large key attached to a chain around her neck.

"Juniper," she said, "are you there?" "As usual," answered a voice from the gloom. "I haven't moved."

"I've brought you something to eat. Are you better today?"

"My health is always excellent, sister."

"You are sick," replied Drusille in an irritated voice. "Poor little thing."

"It's Thursday, isn't it?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, it is Thursday."

"Then, I have the right to move about. Do you have one?"

Drusille hesitated a moment, then spoke with an effort: "Yes, I brought you a candle. I'm very nice to you."

Silence.

Drusille lit a candle which brightened the tiny attic which was very dirty and without a window. Perched on a stick, near the ceiling, an extraordinary and beautiful creature looked at the light with its blinded eyes. Its body, white and bare, was adorned with feathers which grew from the shoulders and around the breasts. Her white arms were neither wings nor arms. The white mass of her hair fell around the face, its flesh pale as marble. "What did you

and afterwards to look at the beautiful moon for five minutes. No one will see me . . . no one. I promise you, I swear. I'll just lie on the roof and look at the moon. I won't leave, I'll come back to sleep, once I've seen the moon."

Drusille laughed a silent laugh. "And then? Perhaps you'd like me to catch the moon for you to light your attic? Listen, Juniper, you are sick, very sick. . . I only wish you well, and if you go out on the roof, you'll catch cold, you may die. . ."

"If I don't see the moon tonight I'll be dead tomorrow!"

Drusille screamed with rage: "Will

waved in the breeze. The king held out his hands toward Drusille.

"Drusille, my Belzamine!"

Drusille trembled with emotion.

"Jumart! Jumart!" She fell in his arms, sobbing and laughing.

"Ah, but you are beautiful, Drusille! How I've dreamed of your perfume, your kisses."

They walked in the garden, arm in arm.

"I am ruined," Jumart said with a sigh. "My treasure chests are empty!"

Drusille indulged in a triumphant smile. "Then you'll stay with me now! Solitude is something I know only too well."

The heavy, troubled atmosphere of the garden was rent by a long raucous cry. Drusille turned pale. She murmured, "Oh, no it isn't possible . . . not that . . ."

"What's the matter, my Belzamine?"

Drusille threw her head back with the laugh of a hyena. "It's the sky. These yellow clouds weigh so heavily I'm afraid they'll fall on our heads. Besides, this stormy weather has given me a migraine."

Jumart noticed that the face of Drusille was like that of a ghost. He became frightened and took her hand to reassure himself that she was alive. "Your face is green," he said in a low voice. "There are heavy shadows under your eyes."

"They're the shadows of the leaves," answered Drusille, the sweat standing out on her forehead. "I'm exhausted with the emotion of seeing you—it's been three months. . ." Suddenly she grasped his hand violently. "Jumart, do you love me? Swear that you are in love with me. . . Swear it, quick!"

"You know it very well," said Jumart with surprise. "What possesses you, my Drusille?"

"Do you love me more than all other women? More than all other living beings?"

"Yes, Drusille. And you?"

"Ah!" Drusille avowed in a trembling voice, "so much that you will never know how much. My love is deeper and more sorrowful than fire."

The attention of the king was distracted by something which stirred in the leaves at the end of the garden. His expression became ecstatic, his eyes glittered.

"What do you see?" cried Drusille. "Why do you look down there with such terrible eyes?"

Jumart returned to her brusquely and said something in a dreamy voice. He seemed to be waking up. "The garden is so beautiful, Drusille. I was walking in a dream."

Drusille was suffocating. She gave a painful smile. "Or in a nightmare. Sometimes one confuses them. Let us go in, dearest Jumart, the sun has set and dinner will soon be on the table. We'll eat on the terrace so you will enjoy the moonrise. This evening it will be more pale and beautiful than ever. When I look at moonlight, I imagine it to be your beard."

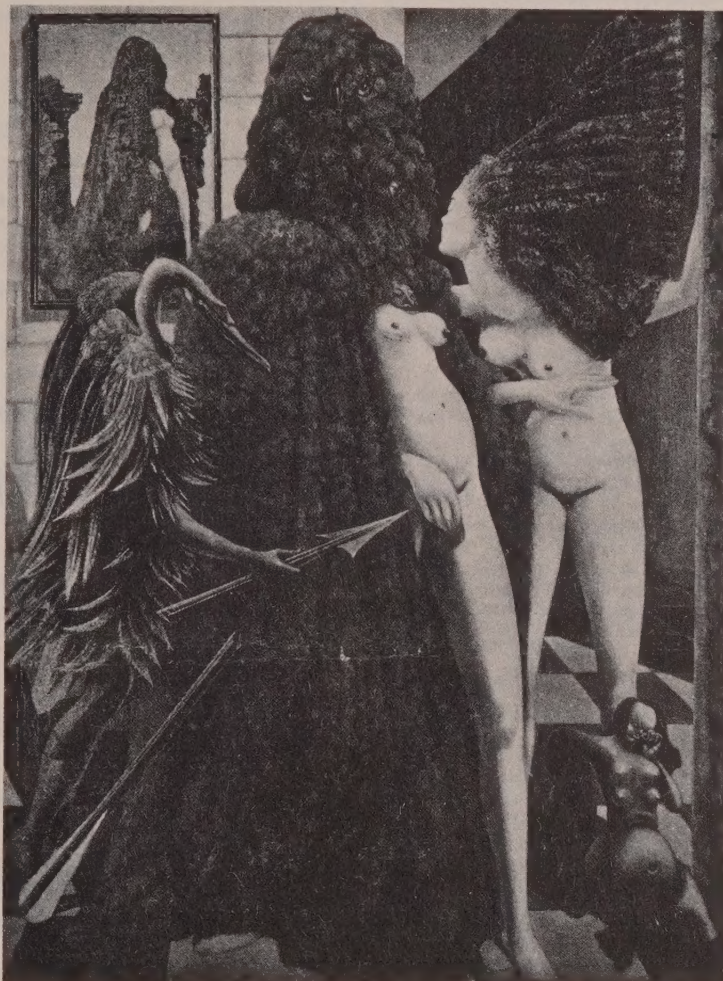
Jumart sighed. "The twilight is enchanted, bewitched. Let's stay out awhile. The garden is drenched with magic. Heaven knows what marvelous chimera will come out of those purple shadows."

Drusille's hands went to her throat and her voice had a metallic ring: "Let us go in, I beg you. Night is falling and I'm shivering with cold."

"Your face is a green leaf that grows only when the new moon appears. Your eyes are stones found in caverns at the center of the earth. Your eyes are sinister."

The voice of Drusille was acrid: "You're moonstruck. You are losing your mind. You see things that don't exist. Give me your hand and I'll take you to the house."

(Continued on page 8)



LA TOILETTE DE LA MARIEE

Max Ernst

bring me to eat?" she asked, hopping from side to side on her perch.

When she saw the creature's excitement, Drusille slammed the door shut. But Juniper, with her avid eyes, saw nothing but the honey-drop.

"This must last ten days at least," said Drusille.

Juniper munched awhile in silence.

"Drink!" she called for at last, and Drusille held out a glass of water. Juniper shook her head.

"Not that, not today. I want some red!"

Drusille laughed.

"None of that. The last time you drank it, you bit me. It excites you too much. Water is very good when you're thirsty."

"Red," insisted Juniper in a monotonous voice. "If not, I shall scream."

With a quick gesture, Drusille brought out a knife from between her breasts. She held it against the throat of her sister, who leapt from her perch with raucous cries. They were the cries of a peacock.

In a little while, her voice choked with tears, Juniper spoke. "I don't mean you any harm, I want only a small glass, no more. I'm so thirsty, thirsty. Dear Drusille, I want only one little taste . . .

you shut up? Isn't what I do for you enough?"

Suddenly, the two sisters heard the approaching noise of a car. The servants below began shouting orders and railing at each other.

"I must leave now," Drusille declared, trembling. "Go to bed!"

Juniper hopped up on her perch.

"Who is it?"

"Mind your own business," replied Drusille.

"Rats, bats and spiders . . . they are my business."

"I gave you some socks to knit. Knit."

Juniper lifted her strange arms as if she wanted to fly. "My hands aren't made to knit."

"Then knit with your feet." And Drusille left in such haste that she forgot to lock the door behind her.

Ex-king Jumart stepped from his old Rolls-Royce. His long iron-gray beard rustled on his green satin clothes embroidered with butterflies and the royal initials. His superb head was crowned with an enormous wig of gold with rose shadows. One would have thought it a cascade of honey. Various flowers grew here and there in the king's ringlets and

THE FOURTH DIMENSION OF ROMANCE

By PARKER TYLER

Julien Gracq's *Chateau D'Argol*, of which an English translation of the last chapter and a synopsis of the whole appear in *New Directions* 1941, may well be the most important work of poetic and philosophical prose to come to us in this century from the romantic imagination. Whether you choose to regard it as a swansong of romanticism, a transition-piece between romanticism and surrealism, or a clarion of sur-romanticism, it will fail to satisfy a particular role because it is so rich. Gracq's novel is one of those mobile creations whose activity is conceived at so profound a level that it has changed its direction before you have verified the prejudice of the force that motivates the lines passing under your eyes.

The *Chateau D'Argol* draws its ambiguity from two great definite sources: Poe and Hegel—which is tantamount to saying that its romanticism, of whatever kind, is *radical*. Thus, it is a work whose spirit and decors, whose translucence and opacity, are seductively interchangeable, being situated at two equal levels of profundity, two equal kingdoms of certainty. The atmosphere is that of a metaphysical romance whose German-ness has been rendered lucid and flexible by the French respect for Poe. If there is any one *poetical* work to which M. Gracq owes the style of his novel, it is *Ulalume*, just as surely as it is Hegel's body of philosophy which provides the extraordinary structure of the deep plot.

Perhaps the single supreme quality which the *Chateau D'Argol* has woven into its spiderlike integument is the contemporary "universal" of ambivalence. Modern psychology, basing itself upon the widest and most acute speculations about anthropology, has established this Pole of Being which it is impossible to place accurately in time and space. One needed only the annunciation of the dictatorial Dream to become convinced that physical objects as apprehended by the modern sensibility are but illusions, unless their temporal and spatial values are imbedded within extremely modest orbits of revolution. Of course, I do not refer here to organic decay or material possession, with the exception of that *decay or change* in the self-valuation of physical objects which may mean the lover's taking away with his left hand what he gave with his right, or, inversely, the beloved miming the same infamous and fluid ritual.

It was not until Hegel that the formal Subject and Object assumed a complex and real dramatic interrelation in time and space. Before that, there was only the Philosopher and the World. Hegel called the Philosopher the Thesis, the World the Antithesis, and the result of their meeting the Synthesis. What effect did this form of logic have on "reality," or the philosophic sum of a Western human being's relations with the world (including himself)? It gave reality, from the viewpoint of philosophy as well as art, a three-dimensional aspect—which, in terms of drama, meant three people. Thus it is not insignificant that the primitive form of Greek drama contained only two actors who were, reciprocally, esthetic aliases for the Philosopher and the World. As in the ritual of Socrates, which was essentially the same as that of Aeschylus, there was but an interlocutor and his foil, an answerer: philosophical reality was two-dimensional; the only drama was that between Man and his Ignorance, which prevented his perfect rapport with the gods.

Ancient philosophy assumed that the synthetic principle was lodged in the domain of the gods, and medieval philosophy assumed it was in that of God. Hegel, however, implied that action, or the texture of the "real," was a continuous and verifiable process of syn-

thetic stages—that is, *dramatic events*. Marx's inflection of this doctrine was to assume that Society lies at the end of the Marxian road instead of God at the tip of the Hegelian pyramid. Yet the poetical imagination is not *directly* concerned with this philosophical, scientific and political problem—and for the reason that the work of art (dialectically considered, as I am considering it with respect to the *Chateau D'Argol*, which is a dialectical work) is a symbolic way-side-station: a luminous truce between all warring dialectical elements.

In the eighth chapter of the book, Albert and Heide, the woman, follow a road which is said to "symbolize *pure direction*. But looking back, they realize that behind them the avenue seems to peter out and to be blocked by thicket and underbrush. It is a *blind alley*. . . . Like passage through water, passage through this Hegelian reality is pure direction, meaning that, wherever you turn in it, the way must be created, because behind you, the way has *ceased to be*; the lips of reality have closed forever upon your ankles. At this moment in the *Chateau D'Argol*, the more traditional symbols of philosophical reality are walking together: the Philosopher and the World, the Thesis and the Synthesis, in which is implied the Antithesis. Thus Albert, whose contemplative isolation at the Chateau is broken by the arrival of Herminien, his boyhood chum, and the stranger Heide (whose sex he does not know at first), cannot be aware of Heide without also thinking of her passionate suitor, Herminien. But Heide is attracted to Albert! Here I must point to certain important clues in this drama of the romantic "guilt" of reality.

Albert's name begins with the first letter of the alphabet: hence he is the origin of thought, the thinker, the Thesis—towards whom the World theoretically directs her ardent love! Has not this always been the condition imagined by the contemplative, or verbally argumentative, philosopher? Conceivably, he might be self-sufficient, a pure zero, but the world is present, the world throws all her fascinations at him. She is real. He must recognize her reality. But he is unreal, *i.e.*, ideal—his only element of reality is his Antithesis, or, as Albert calls Herminien, his "damned soul." It is this part of him (beginning with the first letter of Hegel's name) which is *actively* in love with the world, just as it is Herminien's passion for Heide (whose name not only begins with H, but also like Hegel has five letters and two syllables) which precipitates the tragic crisis of Heide's suicide: she has been symbolically raped by—is it Albert or Herminien? One hardly knows, except that it is Herminien's eyes which gaze so avidly at the "wound" of Heide sleeping on her bed after they have invaded her chamber by way of the secret passage. The final chapter is called "The Death"—but whose death in particular? For both Heide and Herminien die in it—the latter at the hands of Albert after leaving the chateau "in traveller's garb." . . . "He started to run very fast in the middle of the alley, and the steps followed him. Losing his breath, he now knew that the steps would catch up with him, and, in the total swoon of his whole being, he felt the icy flash of a knife glide through his shoulder blades like a fistful of snow."

Here is the *inevitability* of tragedy, which is not necessarily the loss of organic life, but at least of reality in the dialectic sense—the loss of the hallucination of the world, the Synthesis, as an *object of desire*. As such diverse writers as Freud and Pirandello have shown, the great modern problem is to outwit the Dream and the Doubt, and to identify the Object of Desire. This can be done only, in the final analysis, by deciding on the quality of the desire, the

character of the desirer. Pirandello's characters, castrated of identity, plunge against four walls—each one a blind alley. By *swimming on* in the sea near the Chateau d'Argol, by daring to drown, Albert, Heide and Herminien reach—land. The platonic philosopher is orientated toward ideal possession, but the Hegelian philosopher is orientated toward real possession. In essence, Hegelian idealism is but a *logical* form of romance, an experimental drama of the ideal-real duality. Therefore the eternal artist has passed from the platonic stage to the Hegelian stage by the macabre and munificent alley of romance; namely, by his insistence upon desire and its fulfilment, even if in the end it must resemble a skeleton, a dead woman, or the Medusa!

It is the same sublime insistence and baroque arrogance which describes the life and death of love in Poe's *Ulalume*, in which the mystery of the *time of death*, no less than the tomb, the omnipotent mask of the dead itself, play such an overwhelming part for the lover. It is impossible to surrender eternally to sorrow over the death of a beloved or the death of one's own love or the death of one's lover's love! To cravenly do so is the inherited guilt of platonic philosophy. Because Albert wanted to commit this crime against himself, he had to kill Herminien, whom he had allowed to love Heide and leave the Chateau. . . . Roaming through an "alley Titanic" with Psyche, his soul, as Albert roamed with Heide, the poet in *Ulalume* is unable, after pacifying and kissing Psyche because she is sad, to read what is written on the door of the tomb by which they are suddenly confronted:

And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Why this amnesia of the poet, his almost feigned reluctance to remember? It signifies the tremendous presence in the texture of reality of the triangular drama between the lover, the world, and *memory*. . . . the present, the past, and the future . . . the Thesis, the Antithesis, and the Synthesis . . . two men and a woman . . . any one of which or whom, in some poetical disguise, may take the part of any one or two of the three. This is the *fourth dimension* of reality: its romantic relativism.

THE SISTERS

(Continued from page 7)

"Poof, poof," answered the king, twirling his mustaches. "Which of us is madder than the other? Don't lecture me. Though my lands, my castles are lost, I'm the happiest of mortals."

Ravished with his profound reflections, the king rubbed his hands and did a few dance steps. Drusille looked at the trees and thought that their fruits, hanging between the leaves, were like little cadavers on the gallows. She looked up at the sky and saw drowned bodies floating in the clouds. Her eyes filled with horror.

"My head is bier to my thoughts, my body is a coffin."

She walked behind the king, with slow steps, hands clasped in back of her.

A bell rang for dinner.

* * *

Engadine came from the kitchen. She carried a suckling pig stuffed with nightingales. She stopped with a cry. In front of her, a white and triumphant apparition blocked the way.

"Engadine!"

"In heaven's name, Miss Juniper!"

"Engadine, how red you are!"

The housekeeper drew back. The apparition bounded towards her.

"I've been in the kitchen. It's hot in the kitchen."

"Me, I am all white, all white, Engadine. Do you know why? Do you understand this phantom whiteness?"

Engadine shook her head mutely.

"Then listen, it's because I never see the light. . . . Now, I need something, dear little Engadine."

"What? What?" the woman whispered; and she trembled so that the pig fell on the floor and the plate was broken in a thousand pieces.

"You're so red . . . so red. . . ."

At these words Engadine let out a long and terrible cry, like that of a siren. At the same time Juniper gave a leap. Both of them rolled on the ground. Juniper was on top, her mouth glued to Engadine's throat.

She sucked and sucked—for several long minutes—and her body became enormous, luminous and splendid. Her feathers shone like snow in the sun, her tail sparkled with all the colors of the rainbow. She stiffened her head and crowed like a cock. Afterwards, she hid the cadaver in the drawer of a large chest.

"And now, the moon!" she sang, leaping and flying towards the terrace. "And now, the moon!"

* * *

Drusille, nude up to the breasts, slid her arms around the neck of Jumart. The heat of the wine warmed his skin like a flame; he was shining with sweat. His hair was waving like little black vipers and the juice of a pomegranate dripped from his half-opened mouth.

Meats, wines, cakes, all half-eaten, were scattered around them in extravagant abundance. Immense jars of jellies and jams, overturned on the ground, made a sticky lake around their feet. The carcass of a peacock decorated the head of Jumart, ex-king. His beautiful beard was full of sauces, heads of fishes and crushed fruits. His gown was torn, and spotted with all sorts of foods.

[Translated from the French by C.H.F.]

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MAX ERNST

Towards the Unknown

WILLIAM CARLOS
WILLIAMS :

1. WHAT THE STARS MEAN TO ME: Do you believe in the future of literature? Do you believe in the future? Do you believe? Do?

What?

Catch a falling star.

Is there a net under the 200 inch reflector on Mount Paladium?

The stars have terrified me from the first moment I saw them. The most intelligent thing I ever heard anyone say of them was my infant son's remark on a summer night in Monroe, N.Y.: So many stars!

To me the stars are floating bubbles over a sea whose bottom is mud. Insanity alone comprehends them. They are the core of irrationality. The sun has deceived us into a belief in unity. The pyramid is our god. Its apex is the sun. Four pyramids, their apices meeting to make a Malta cross. A thousand images rush for expression. The magic of four which all trinities miss, leaving a blank for insanity.

But before going into that let me stick to my thesis. The sun is the apex of the streaming pyramids whose bases are purely arbitrary. All the body of the pyramids is made up of stars, our desire for deception forcing us to draw a line across the divergent lines, streaming out from a center to make a base for those pyramids of light.

But there is no base to any pyramid. It is childish to imagine that the pyramids of Egypt end at the level of the desert. Certainly they do not. They continue down into the earth, the bases widening continually. If this were not so they would sag and crumble at once.

And this base goes on widening until it passes out at the opposite side of the world and disappears, divergently, into the air over Siberia or the Pacific Ocean until it appears again among the stars.

Thus, the Pyramids rest on the stars, inevitably.

They rest on the stars and there is no one who will dare be so presumptuous as to draw that bottom line, or series of lines, to make the base of any pyramid.

None but a madman.

2. I know but since there are no terms in which to describe it, not even the space beyond the stars which after all is something and not nothing—or we could not speak of it—all this being true I must resort to a figure of speech which is the province of the most important of all man's functions—the arts.

The disappearing point of the unconscious is well represented in life by the New York Evening Star. This is a great function of journalism practiced best in this country by that able organization. The feat of journalism is to give all sorts of fascinating detail, the most accurate and expensive that the imagination can buy. But that is only the beginning. This true and unprosecutable material is moulded by experts to catch in its mesh the cosmic ray of infinity. By reading we arrive at a point of imperviousness to all other news and opinion, a state of beauty of soporific sublimity is induced so that we know, finally the truth of life. Once this is induced the rest is easy and—in fact superlatively good. It has features of the universal religious ecstasy of the 12th century. In this congeries of factual events is caught the sublime and the irrational. There the sense has, in real truth, disappeared.

3. The silly thing about death is that it has never been defined and can never be defined out of our consciousness because it is not extant in our consciousness. It has no meaning whatever to our lives because it has no meaning for us of any sort in or out of our lives. That our lives are limited has a meaning. But that they are limited by death has no meaning because death has no meaning.

SIX POINTS OF VIEW

1. What do you see in the stars?
2. What is the disappearing point of the unconscious?
3. What value does death give to life?

It is the complete blank in our lives caused by the impossibility of knowing death that creates the irrationality of our existence. Thus death, having no meaning, influences us not at all. It is blank that influences us. It causes us to dream, to compose, to press onward! Complete insanity, complete competence. To be great we must dream and carry out our dreams with tremendous will. By this we show our ability as men. Nothing of this sort would be possible were it not for the complete blank in our minds caused by our inability to experience death. Who then are the fools? Surely not the dreamers but those who do not dream. And not those who dream alone but those who run mad to become the heroes of the world. The business of the poet is to interpret them in the true terms of their blankness.

MINA LOY :

1. Our need of an instrument analogous to, yet the inverse of a telescope, which would reduce to our focus the forms of entities hitherto visually illimitable, of whose substance the astronomical illuminations are but the diamond atoms and electrons.

2. The point at which the Unconscious proceeds from the Absolute Consciousness towards individualism, as a wave of an infinite ocean to scatter a fractional foam.

3. For many, their manner of being alive is an impossible situation. Whatever move they may make in any direction invites checkmate. Caught in the trap of circumstances their condition would be unimaginable were it not for the one way out.

In the Occident—Death, with the empty row of an explosive, travels from a nursemaid's mouth to lodge unanalysable horror in a child's brain. Thereafter Death, haunting Life, a little enfeebles our delight in it.

On the other hand, were we not restricted to Time by Death, Life might be only an everlastingly deferred initiative.

Death is an innocuous disaster, once it is all over.

At some far stage in evolution when man has gained control over his vibratory system, his atomic structure, the present unpleasant process of death will give place to an instantaneous dissolution, a painless disappearance.

MARIANNE MOORE :

1. Hope. It also seems to me evident that the zodiac has an influence on temperament.

2. Do not know.

3. Death to save life, ought—if it really was life and not some form of death that was saved—transmute that life into a dynamic loyalty.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH :

1. I am afraid that the pressure of work these days leaves me no time to raise my eyes that far. Would it were not so!

HAROLD ROSENBERG :

1. The stars kept shedding their popular down until midnight. When the clock struck, the spiked wheel of mathematics ran a diamond outline across the black sheet, and Science stepped forth wearing the free boyish smile of the illuminated humanitarians. Jesus, Roger Williams, and Rosa Luxemburg sang in the triangle formed by the Mediterranean, Poland, and Providence, R.I. The birds in the air and on telegraph wires turned to porcelain.

Men and women gazing upwards from comfortable postures along park walls, bridges, library steps, drew the planets towards them with their happy sighs. Lower and lower swung the feather of the Milky Way, as if saluting a drunken poet on a road in Connecticut. . . From these precise and frosty measures comes

the love that tomorrow will discharge itself in technical skill.

2. The unconscious disappears, of course, only in consciousness. Sometimes it becomes invisible on the floor of the sea, but it leaves an imprint there.

3. For many reasons, including those given above, Death is washed up, finished, stymied. All its architects have quit. (And has not Death always, from the hammocks of the Zoroastrians to the Catholic underground temples, been entirely a matter of architecture?) Already ten years ago, the headstones were removed from a Brooklyn cemetery and individual radio sets were installed in their places. My old aunt, who went there to select a site for her own bones, brought back a bad joke about central heating. The memorial slabs were given to WPA sculptors who made elephants and apes of them for a Coney Island playground.

In the hills of New Mexico, the Spanish penitents still devote to Death a serious masquerade on Easter. But when the leader has finished scourging himself, he returns to carving letter openers and blouse buttons for tourists.

Outside of Salem, Death has never amounted to much in the United States. Gravestones topple into animal burrows or are used for target practice; picnickers rest beer bottles on them, tramps take them for benches; a girl's underwear hangs from a wreath in high relief.

The sense of History, society's third dimension, is lacking. What will produce the fourth dimension of Death?

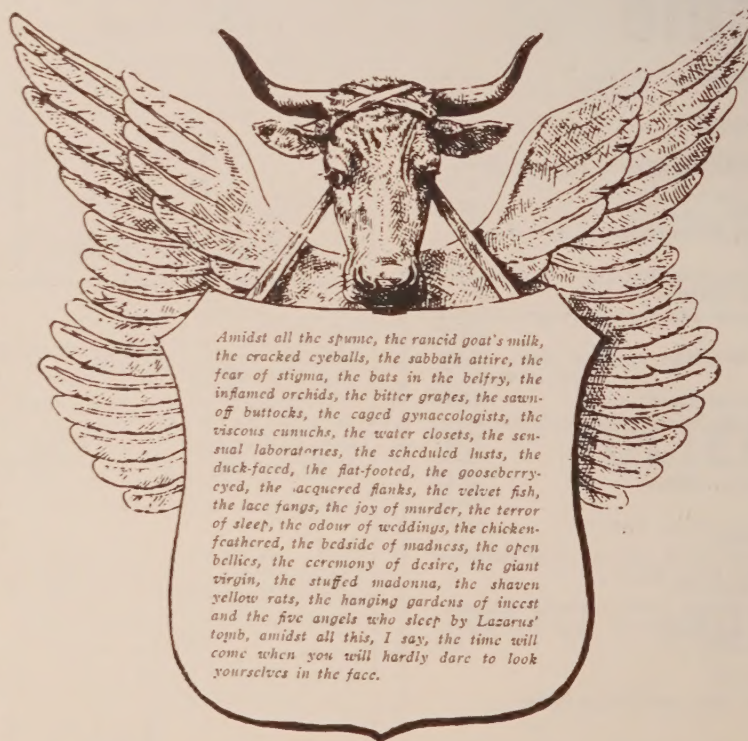
Crypts and crows, you cover emptiness. The skeletons turn to dust in the barn among the old magazines. In the cities one passes a lifetime without encountering a single carcass. Only three centuries ago, the most pious communities hacked off ears, pierced tongues, pounded pudenda—peacefully blinded, disembowelled, and butchered: today even the Nazis feel obliged to invent a metaphysical system in order to achieve the level of bloodshed. Brothers, we have grown as gentle as two backs facing each other across a stream. The million slain last year were merely victims of an error in book-keeping.

LEE VER DUFT :

1. Inhuman Amsterdam diamonds; chipped ice fragments fixed on blue-black velvet; pocked piano pegs, nee orbits, suspending their invisible piano wires; attached to my scalp in summer, spring, and autumn—taut in winter—cabled constants focused in the nights of the landlocked mariner; the circumcising system as yet untried for hanging my albatross with the confetti eyes: this I see in the stars.

2. In all nests of natural Easter eggs, where roundness ends in white embryonic forms; in families, psychic vampires, or votaries of violence, who shatter or absorb indigent ids; in frenzies, and in debauchery, the disappearing point of the unconscious is consummated, or emasculated . . . cerebrated.

3. Death has metamorphic values to give life: eye follows the rubber rutted roads and weeping pavements through regional interiors (inturning photographs, (the wilting steeples hear me coming), gluing flies on farmhouse screendoors, re-seeing mystifying landscapes—much more sentimental than Rousseau—where monstrous maples make their mad, and tenderly tubercular, soft sighs); or, wheeling—as in flight—eye-mind distributes noumenal values—erotic, financial, personal; poetic, creative, cultural; racial, social, political—not to mention philosophical. Death's value, usually, is incalculable until the traumatic shock or shocks subside—in ebb. There is no ebb . . . our kelp sways endlessly. This is a seed-pearl question!



Amidst all the spume, the rancid goat's milk,
the cracked cyeballs, the sabbath attire, the
fear of stigma, the bats in the belfry, the
inflamed orchids, the bitter grapes, the sawn-
off buttocks, the caged gynaeccologists, the
viscous cunnuchs, the water closets, the sen-
sual laboratories, the scheduled lusts, the
duck-faced, the flat-footed, the gooseberry-
cued, the acquired flanks, the velvet fish,
the lace fangs, the joy of murder, the terror
of sleep, the odour of weddings, the chicken-
feathered, the bedside of madness, the open
bellies, the ceremony of desire, the giant
virgin, the stuffed madonna, the shaven
yellow rats, the hanging gardens of incest
and the five angels who sleep by Lazarus'
tomb, amidst all this, I say, the time will
come when you will hardly dare to look
yourselves in the face.